Catweazle weaves his magic spell on page six.

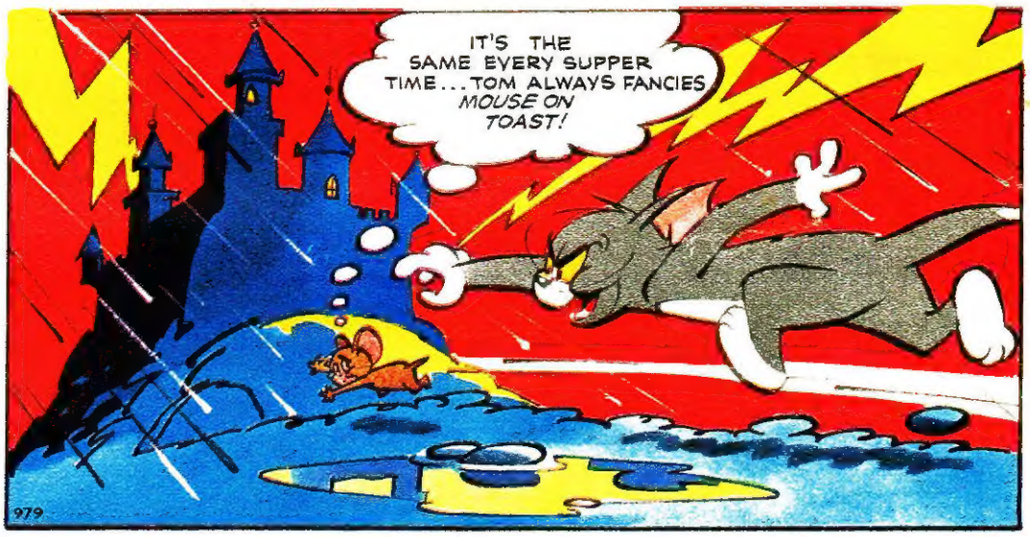
TV COMIC

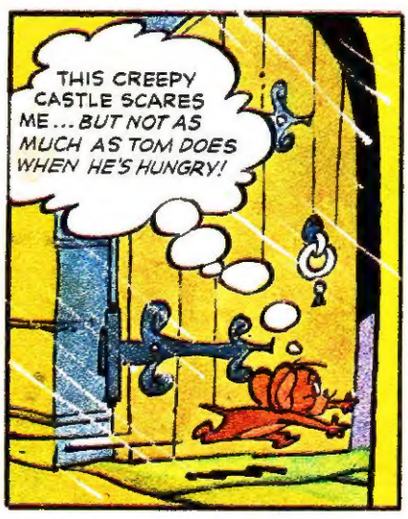
9d

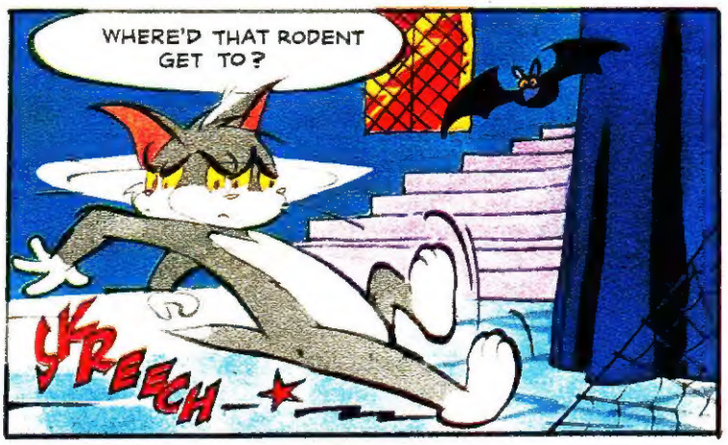
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

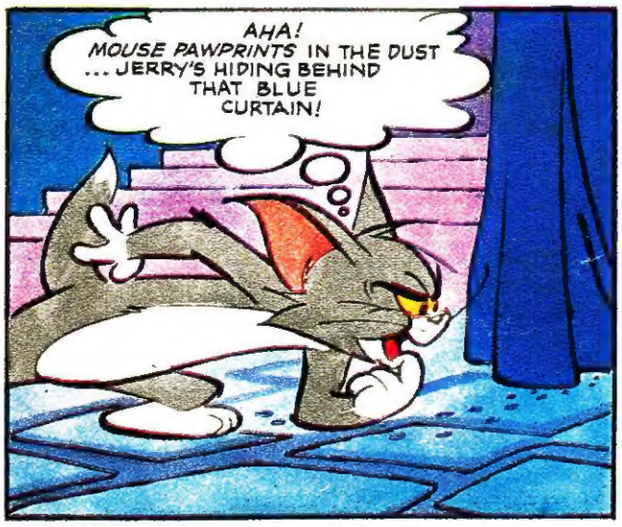
Every Monday | Week Ending 19th September, 1970 | Number 979

TOM and JERRY







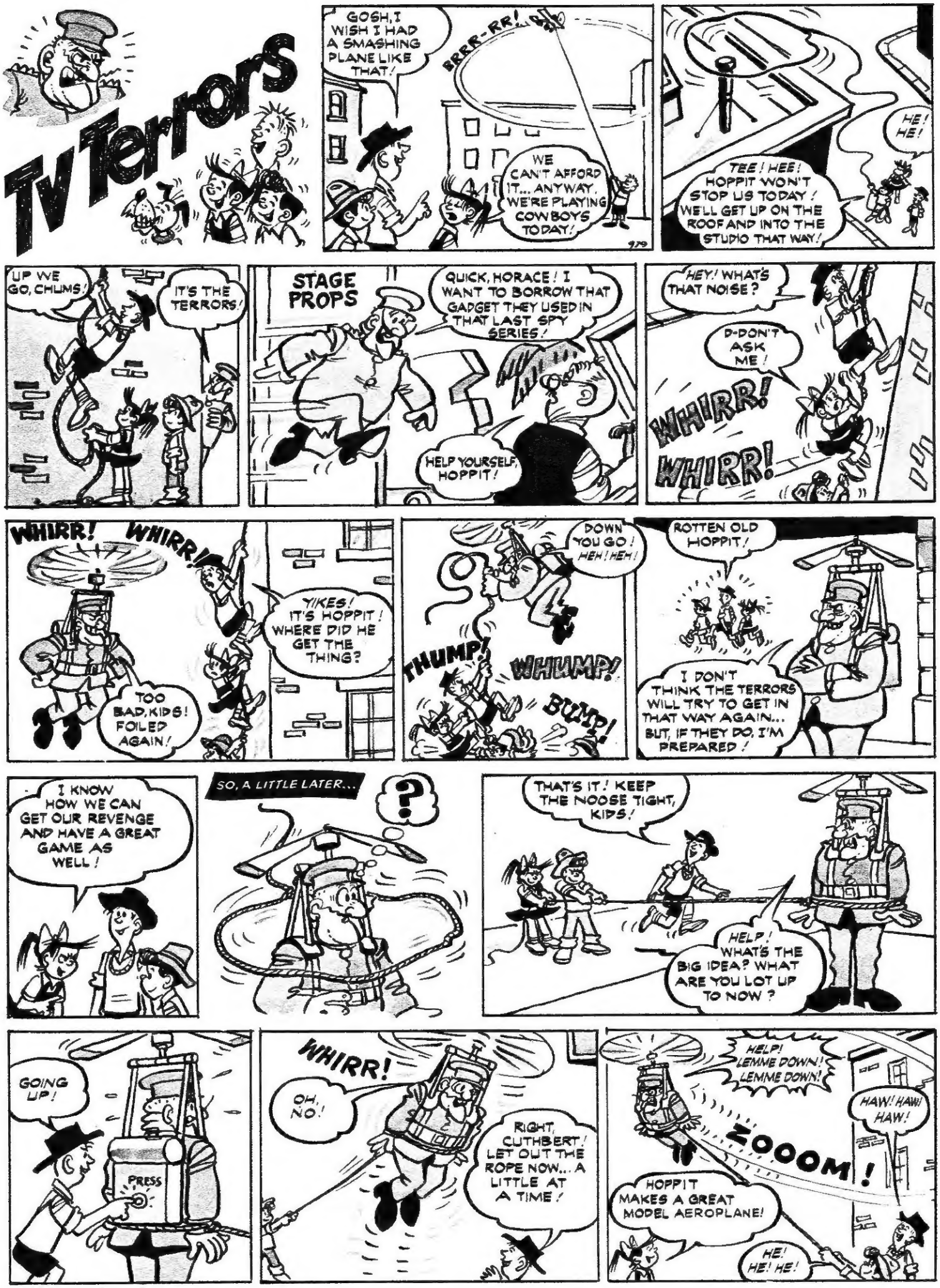


Copyright © 1970. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Turn trembling to page 2.

GANGWAY! I AIM TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND THAT FELLER'S TOOTHPASTE SMILE!
WAIT A MINUTE... MAYBE I'D BE BETTER OFF HIDING IN HERE!
SKREECH!!
SORRY, THIS CUPBOARD IS SPOOKEN FOR!
YIKES!
CHORTLE! CHORTLE!
I'M OFF!
GASP! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! PANT!... BUT I SHOULD BE SAFE IN THIS OLD DESERTED CHAMBER!
I'LL MAKE MYSELF COMFY ON THIS BED... A LIE DOWN IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
CLICK! CLICK! EH? WHAT GOES ON? CLICK CLICK!
NOW I HAVE YOU WHERE I WANT YOU, TOM! SHACKLED HAND AND FOOT TO THE RACK!
NO JERRY! I... YOU WOULDN'T...
AAAAARGH! THIS IS S-T-R-E-T-C-H-I-N-G OUR FEUD TOO FAR, JERRY! MERCY!
VERY WELL, I GUESS YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH.... I'LL SHOW YOU SOME MERCY AND RELEASE YOU!
CREAK CREAK CREAK
BUT ONCE TOM IS RELEASED...
MUG OF A MOUSE! I WON'T SHOW YOU ANY MERCY NOW YOU'VE FREED ME! SNIGGER!
GULP! WHAT'VE I DONE?
SILLY ME! I'VE MADE TOM TEN TIMES AS FRIGHTENING AND WHAT'S WORSE, TEN TIMES AS THIN AND HUNGRY!
HELP!!
EEEEK!

Fall in for all-in wrestling—Tom v Jerry next week.


TV Terrors
GOSH, I WISH I HAD A SMASHING PLANE LIKE THAT!
BRRR-RR!
WE CAN'T AFFORD IT... ANYWAY, WE'RE PLAYING COWBOYS TODAY!
HE! HE!
TEE! HEE! HOPPIT WON'T STOP US TODAY! WE'LL GET UP ON THE ROOF AND INTO THE STUDIO THAT WAY!
UP WE GO, CHUMS!
IT'S THE TERRORS!
STAGE PROPS
QUICK, HORACE! I WANT TO BORROW THAT GADGET THEY USED IN THAT LAST SPY SERIES!
HELP YOURSELF, HOPPIT!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
D-DON'T ASK ME!
WHIRR!
WHIRR!
WHIRR!
WHIRR!
YIKES! IT'S HOPPIT! WHERE DID HE GET THE THING?
TOO BAD, KIDS! FOILED AGAIN!
DOWN YOU GO! HEH! HEH!
THUMP!
WHUMP!
BUMP!
ROTTEN OLD HOPPIT!
I DON'T THINK THE TERRORS WILL TRY TO GET IN THAT WAY AGAIN... BUT, IF THEY DO, I'M PREPARED!
I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET OUR REVENGE AND HAVE A GREAT GAME AS WELL!
SO, A LITTLE LATER...
?
THAT'S IT! KEEP THE NOOSE TIGHT, KIDS!
HELP! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHAT ARE YOU LOT UP TO NOW?
GOING UP!
PRESS
WHIRR!
OH, NO!
RIGHT, CUTHBERT! LET OUT THE ROPE NOW... A LITTLE AT A TIME!
HELP! LEMME DOWN! LEMME DOWN!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
ZOOOM!
HOPPIT MAKES A GREAT MODEL AEROPLANE!
HE! HE! HE!

Telly-watching Hoppit cops it next week.

THE AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara get a call from Mother telling them some plans of a secret missile have been stolen from a research centre at Davenly, Hampshire...

STEED EXPLAINS THAT THE SAFE WAS CRACKED WITH DYNAMITE STICKS...
THE FENCE WAS CUT AND THE THIEVES APPEAR TO HAVE GOT AWAY ON HORSE BACK!
AS USUAL, I SUPPOSE THE POLICE HAVE NOT BEEN INFORMED AND WE'RE ON OUR OWN!

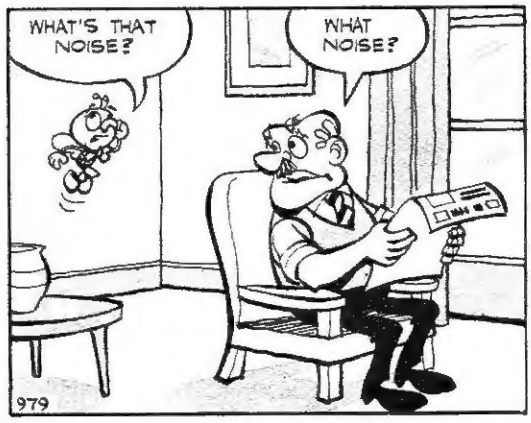
THE HARD TARMAC OF A ROAD REVEALS NO TRACE OF THE HOOF PRINTS...
WHICH WAY? I BET WYATT EARP NEVER HAD TROUBLE LIKE THIS!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

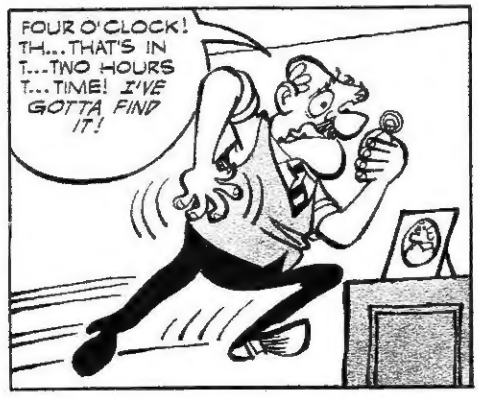
STEED... REMEMBER THAT SECURITY VAN RAID YESTERDAY? IT WAS CARRIED OUT WILD WEST STYLE...
TARA... I THINK WE DESERVE A HOLIDAY... I'VE OFTEN WONDERED IF PUNCHING CATTLE IS LIKE BOXING KANGAROOS!

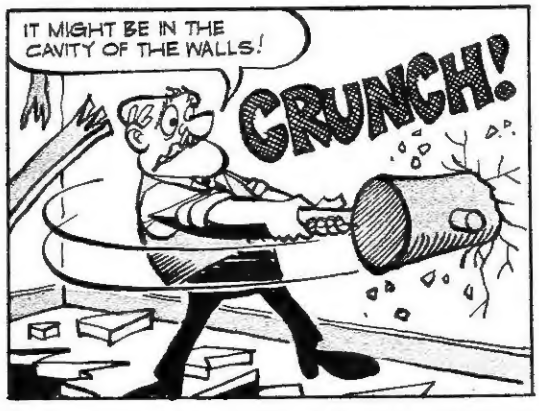
Based on the Thames Television production

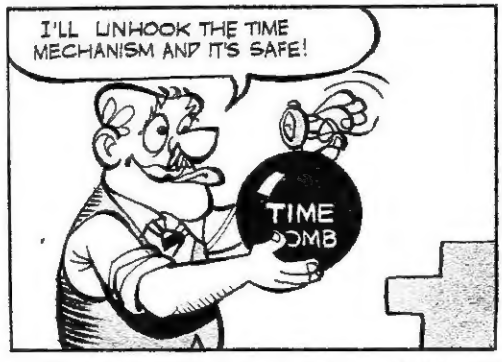
This ' home trail ' looks dangerous ! Don't miss next week's story.

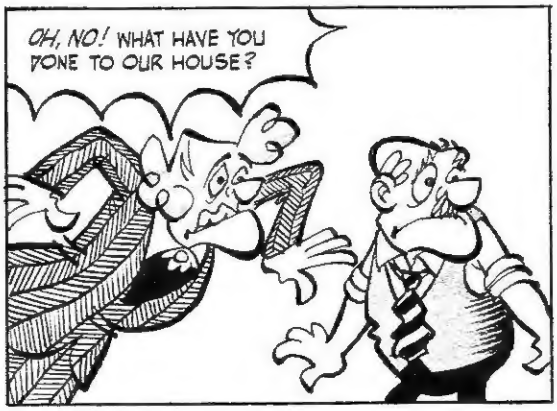
MIGHTY MOTH











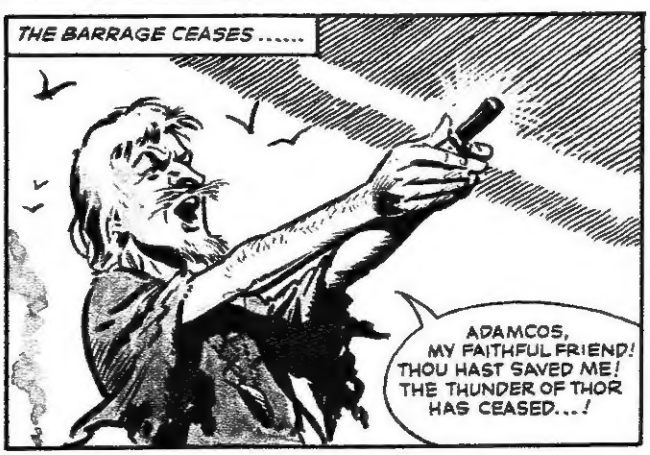
Next week : the long arm of the law reaches Dad.

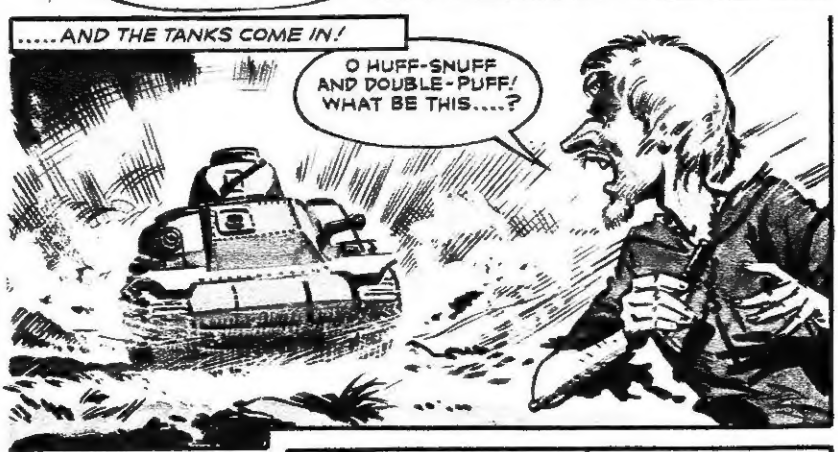
CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE is still looking for the open countryside he knew in his own times. So he sets out to find it! With a simple haversack of food and water he tramps for miles. Then ..... suddenly...

AT LAST, KIND SPIRITS, AT LAST! NO FENCES, NO DWELLINGS, NO DEMONS ON WHEELS! METHINKS I HAVE SOMEHOW BEEN LED BACK INTO THE PAST!
979

CATWEAZLE HAS WANDERED ON TO AN ARMY TESTING GROUND...
O THOR, WHAT HAVE I DONE TO OFFEND THEE? THOU RAINEST FIRE UPON ME....WITHER MAY I FLEE....?

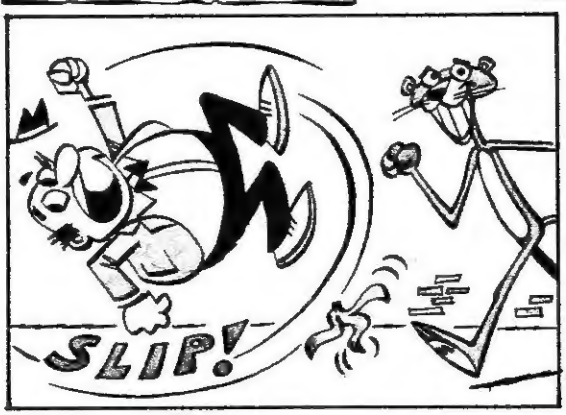


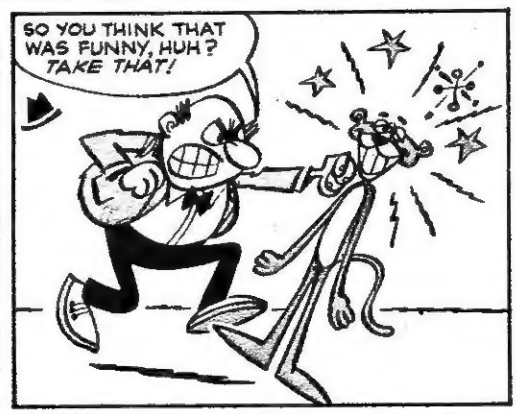


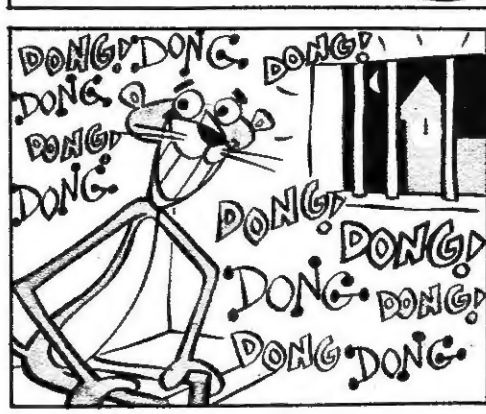
© 1970. London Weekend International Ltd.

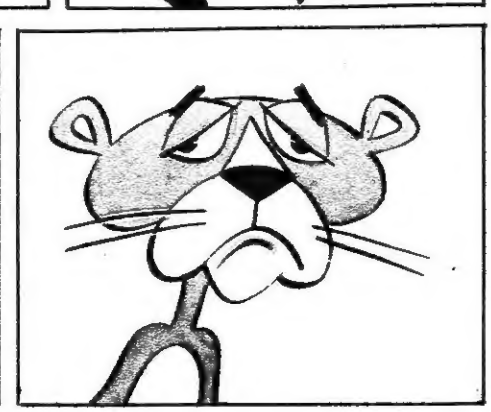
Will the tank stop ? See next week.

PINK PANTHER





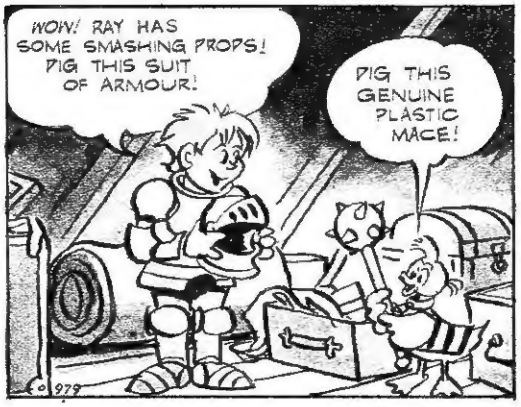




© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

Be sure to join Pink Panther again next week.

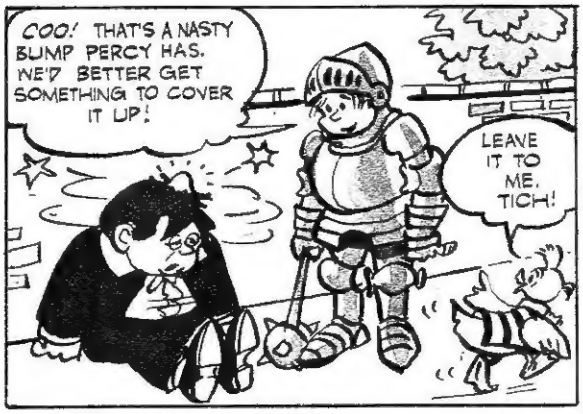
Tich and Quackers



I CAN'T, QUACKERS! THAT WATER'S RUSTED THE ARMOUR! I CAN HARDLY MOVE!
LUMME! WE'D BETTER GET YOU OUT OF THERE THEN - AT THE DOUBLE!
GRATE!
GRIND!
SQUEAK!

PUFF! I CAN'T GET YOU OUT, TICH! ALL THE JOINTS ARE RUSTED! PANT!
B-BUT, I'LL H-HAVE TO GET OUT! I'M SOAKED! I'LL CATCH A CH-CHILL IN THE STOMACH OR SOMETHING!

DID I HEAR YOU SAY A CHILL IN THE STOMACH, TICH? WELL, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE CASTOR OIL FOR TUMMY COMPLAINTS!
HELP! IT'S PERCY AGAIN!
GLUG!
GLUG!

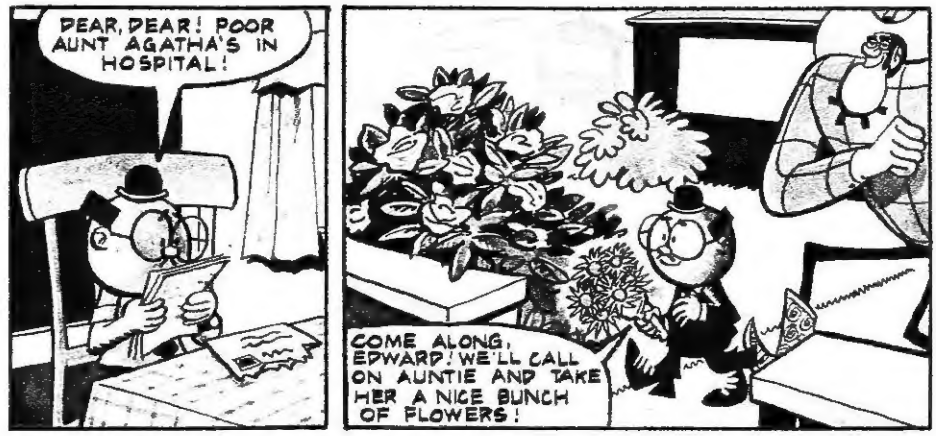


© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers.

It's a ' sweet life ' for Tich next week—with Percy's sweets.

TEXAS TED

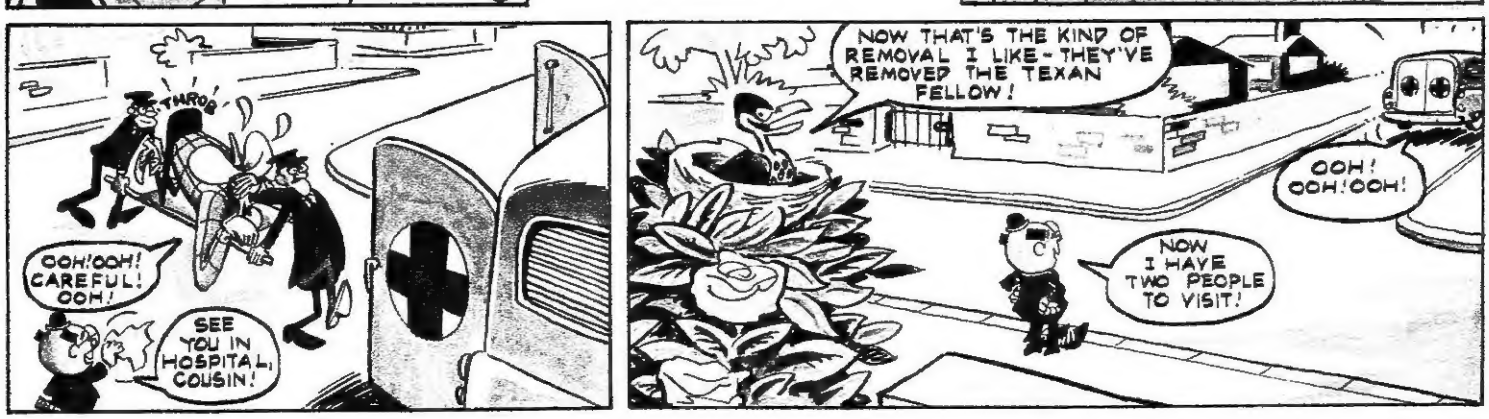
Big hat, big head



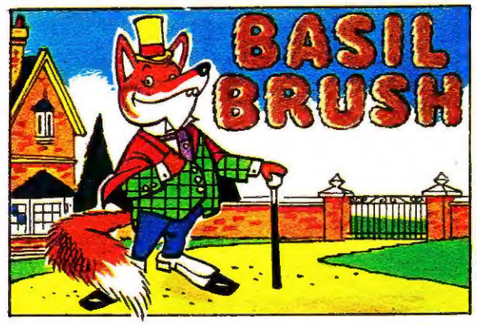
YOU CANT INSULT AUNTIE BY TAKING HER A LITTLE BUNCH OF FLOWERS LIKE THAT!
NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE THE BUNCHES WE HAVE BACK IN TEXAS!
RIP!
COME ALONG, COUSIN! NO ARGUMENTS!
EDWARD'S MUCH TOO BIG TO ARGUE WITH!

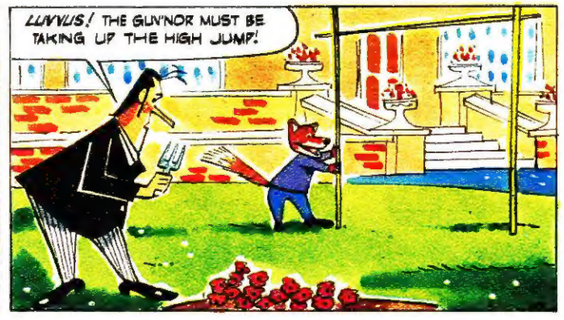
HELP! WHAT GOES ON? I DIDN'T ORDER A REMOVAL VAN!
I DON'T WANT TO MOVE! I WAS QUITE HAPPY IN CECIL'S GARDEN! A NICE DISTRICT PLEASANT NEIGHBOURS-
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! IT'S THAT TEXAN! I'LL HAVE TO SHOW HIM THAT I'M DISPLEASED!
FRANK McDIARMID
WHEEE

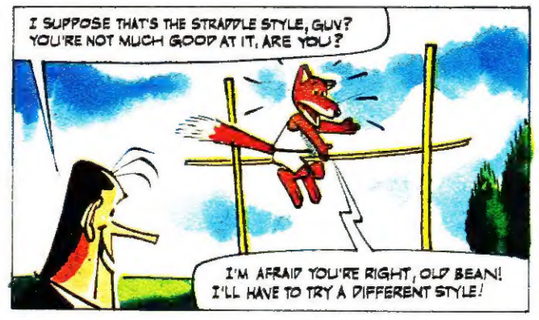
WELL AT LEAST HE KNOWS I'M HERE NOW!
I SAY-WHERE DID THAT BIRD COME FROM?
JAB
I'LL TAKE THIS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!
THAT'S BETTER! HOME, SWEET HOME AGAIN!
OOH!OOH! I'M WOUNDED! SEND FOR A DOCTOR!
BIG BABY!
PIOP

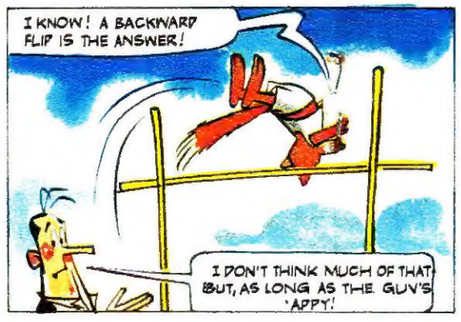

THROB
OOH!OOH! CAREFUL! OOH!
SEE YOU IN HOSPITAL, COUSIN!
NOW THAT'S THE KIND OF REMOVAL I LIKE-THEY'VE REMOVED THE TEXAN FELLOW!
OOH! OOH!OOH!
NOW I HAVE TWO PEOPLE TO VISIT!

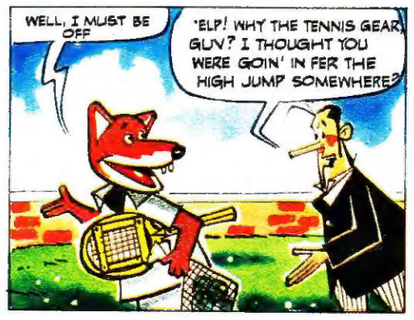
Big Head becomes ' big mouth ' next week when he sings.



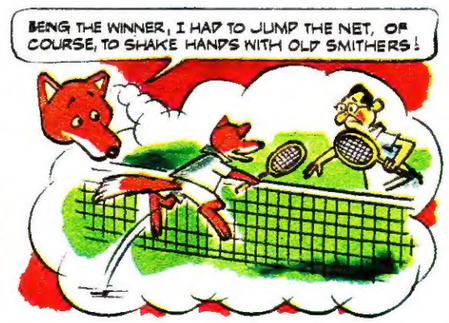


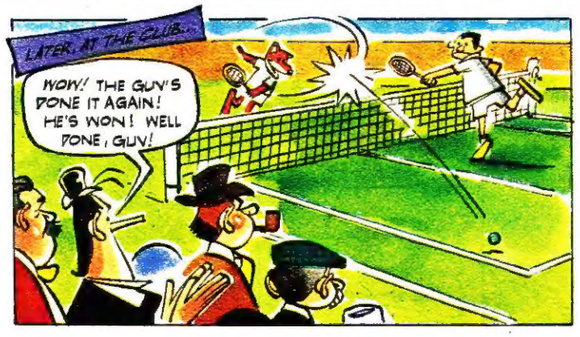

I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE STRADDLE STYLE, GUV? YOU'RE NOT MUCH GOOD AT IT, ARE YOU?
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, OLD BEAN! I'LL HAVE TO TRY A DIFFERENT STYLE!

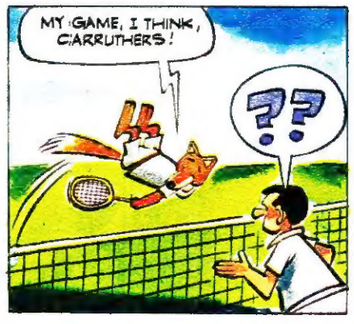


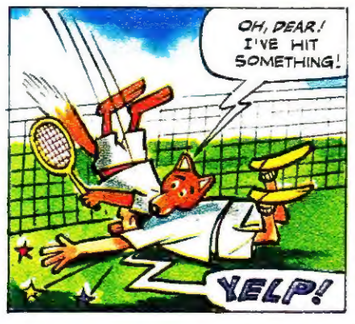


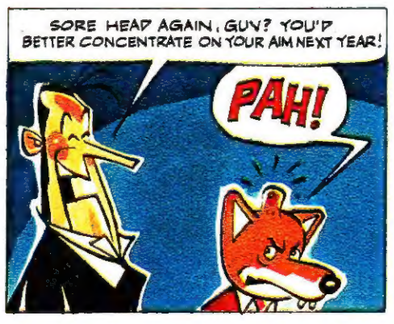
THE HIGH JUMP WAS MERELY TO HELP MY TENNIS, CHUMMERS! IT'S THE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS AGAIN TODAY - AND YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR WHEN I WON?











Here's a 'plug' for Basil Brush. Next week he takes a trip in a bath.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

SOME creatures can run about and swim the moment they are born. Others have to be looked after by their mothers The ring - tailed Lemur rides on its mother's back.

LOOK, NO HANDS!
HE LEARNT IT FROM ME, YOU KNOW!
FANCY A LITTLE BABY DOING THAT!
YES, WHEN YOU WERE HIS AGE YOU FELL DOWNSTAIRS, REMEMBER?

Next week Johnny Morris talks about Rock-Hopper penguins.

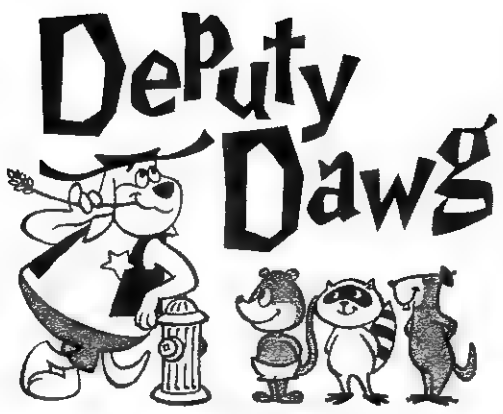
ASTRONUT

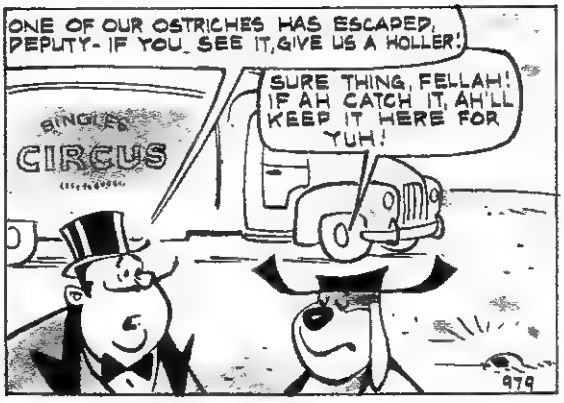
WHILE ASTRO AND OSCAR ARE TRAVELLING THROUGH SPACE SOME STRANGE MEN FLY PAST THEM....
YOU TWO LOOK FED UP... FOLLOW US! IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES ON OUR PLANET!
979
SOUNDS GREAT! LETS GO, OSCAR!
SAUBA
ON THE PLANET OF THE GENTS...
AS YOU CAN SEE WE PLAY ALL THE TIME HERE... OVER THERE A FEW GENTS ARE PLAYING GOLF!
...AND THERE SOME CHAPS ARE SWORD FENCING!
WATER SKI-ING IS A GREAT FAVOURITE...
OH, MY!
AND SO IS SNOOKER... HEH! HEH!
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY?
I THINK WE'LL SETTLE FOR A SPOT OF SWORD FENCING!
AND SO...
WHA-AAAAY! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS!
ME NEITHER!
BUT...
OH, NO! IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN!
I SUPPOSE THIS IS WHERE THE FUN COMES TO AN END AND WE GO BACK TO BEING GLOOMY AGAIN?
NOT AT ALL!
WRR!
EH?
WATCH!
WHA-AAAAY! BACK TO THE FUN AND GAMES... BROLLY GOOD SHOW! TE! HE! HE!

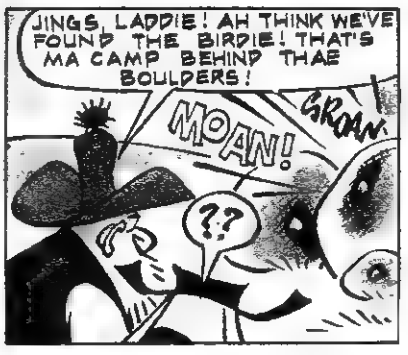
© C.B.S. Inc. 1970.

Plenty of ' space ' here for laughs next week.

Deputy Dawg




ONE OF OUR OSTRICHES HAS ESCAPED, DEPUTY- IF YOU SEE IT, GIVE US A HOLLER!
SURE THING, FELLAH! IF AH CATCH IT, AH'LL KEEP IT HERE FOR YUH!
BINGLES CIRCUS
979



AH THOUGHT AS MUCH! IT MUST'VE BEEN PECKISH RIGHT ENOUGH- IT'S EATEN ALL ME PORRIDGE AND NOO IT CANNA GET UP!
MOAN! BURP! GROAN!
YIKES! THANK GOODNESS AH EAT WHEATFLAKES IF THAT'S WHAT PORRIDGE DOES TO YUH!

© C.B.S. Inc. 1970

Um non-drip war-paint gets Deputy in um trouble next week.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to. The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd , Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, Paddington Green, W 2

Eric Joyce Perth, Scotland.

David Gumbley Great Barr, Birmingham.

Kathy Ketchner Weybridge, Surrey.

Karen Wilson Portsmouth, Hants.

FREE! STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT

Including:

- ★ STAMP IDENTIFIER
- ★ SURPRISE PACKET OF FOREIGN STAMPS
- ★ STAMP ALBUM
- ★ TRANSPARENT ENVELOPES
- ★ PRIZE SET OF 9 HUNGARIAN STAMPS
- ★ MAGNIFIER
- ★ PERFORATION GAUGE

Just send us your name and address and enclose 4d. for postage. Our famous discount pictorial approvals will accompany each free outfit.
If you are under 16, please tell your parents you are writing

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD., (Dept. P142), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

135 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you this large packet containing many pictorials, including the Mauritius Bird stamp illustrated, FREE OF CHARGE, together with a selection of Approvals.

Please enclose 4d. postage.

Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JET STAMPS (Dept. A.31), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP.

You can read all about the adventures of Hector's House, Sooty and Sweep, Camberwick Green, Babar the Elephant and lots, lots more in

Playland

On sale every Monday, price 9d.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
EXCUSE M'FUSE
DON'T YOU EVER GET TIWED OF CHASING ME, PUTEY-TAT? YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
IF I HAD WINGS AND COULD FLY I'D CATCH YOU A WHOLE LOT SOONER!
WELL, I'M FED UP WIFF BEING CHASED ALL THE TIME. MAYBE I CAN DO SOMETHING -- OH-OH! WOOK! A CANNON! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I WONDER IF THAT BAD OLD PUTEY-TAT WILL FALL FUR THAT OLD GAG ABOUT CHASING ME INSIDE THE CANNON AND GET HIMSELF STUCK IN THE BAWELL?
IT'S WURF A TWY! HERE GOES!
HEY YOU! GIT OUT O' THAT BARREL, YOU DURNED FOOL CRITTER!
I'M USING THIS HERE CANNON FUR TARGET SHOOTIN' AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO LIGHT THE FUSE! SO GIT OUT O' THERE OR YOU'LL GIT BLASTED!
OOPS! SOWEY, SAM!
WELL, THAT IDEA DIDN'T WORK! I'D BETTER HUWWY OFF OUT OF HERE!
??
SECONDS LATER...
SAY! LOOK AT THAT CANNON! I BET THAT STUPID BIRD FLEW INSIDE IT TO HIDE. WELL, IF HE DID, I'LL GET HIM. HOR! HOR!
EXCUSE ME, GUVNOR, BUT DID THAT LITTLE TWEETY BIRD FLY INSIDE YOUR CANNON JUST NOW?
WHY, DURN IT, HE SURE DID, BUT I TOLD HIM ...
THANKS, GUVNOR! EXCUSE ME A MINUTE.
SAY! WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? WHAT'S EVERYONE DOING, PESTERIN' ME ABOUT MY CANNON?
NOW, SEE HERE, CAT - YOU GIT OUT OF THERE! I'VE JUST LIT THE FUSE. AND THIS HERE CANNON IS ABOUT TO GO OFF!
YOU JUST DID WHAT?
I TRIED TO TELL YOU BUT YOU RAN AWAY AFORE I COULD FINISH SPEAKIN'!
OH NO! HELP ME OUT, WILL YOU? I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!
WELL NOW, HE SURE SHOT OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY ALL RIGHT! DURN FOOL CRITTER... WHUT WAS HE A'DOIN' IN THERE ANYWAY?
BOOM
HEWO, PUTEY-TAT I SEE YOU FINAWY LEARNED HOW TO FWY!
OH DEAR! POOR OLD PUTEY-TAT!
BASH!
BUT YOU'RE NOT DOING IT PWOPERLY.
I TWIED TO TELL YOU, PUTEY-TAT. YOU NEED WINGS TO HELP YOU STEER PWOPERLY - MEE! WEE!

Copyright © 1970 Warner Bros. Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Next week Bugs helps to patch the carrot-patch

The INSPECTOR
WITH ZE INSPECTOR OUT OF ZE WAY, WE MAKE ZE CRIME PAY!
HERE HE COME NOW, PIERRE!
979
ZE CHLOROFORM MAKE HEEM SLEEP LIKE ZE BABY!
HELP! ZE ULP!
YES! HE SLEEP LIKE ZE BABY! SSH! SSH!
I GET IT, PIERRE! WE.. ER...KIDNAP HEEM, ZE NO! HEH! HEH!
NOW WE MAKES ZE BABY BOOTS FOR HEEM!
FROM ZE CONCRETE! ZE HE! HE!
YOU WEEL NOT GET AWAY WITH THEES, MY FRIENDS!
FRIENDS IT IS, INSPECTOR SEE HOW WE CEMENT ZE FRIENDSHIP! ZE HO! HO!
LATER...
ZE PERFECT FIT! BE-OOTIFUL!
WHEN ZE DARK COMES, WE TAKE ZE INSPECTOR FOR A SWIM! ZE SNIGGER!
THEY'RE TIGHT! I NEED A BIGGER SIZE!
ZE NIGHT IT COME... TO ZE RIVER!
AND ZE DUMMY STOP HEEM CALLING ZE GENDARMES!
AU REVOIR, INSPECTOR!
ZE END OF A GLORIOUS CAREER!
ZE ERK! WHAT ZE HAPPEN?
I NOT KNOW BUT I LIKE IT!
WHOOSH
B. Thwaites
TRY MY BOOTS FOR SIZE, YOU CROOKS!
ZE AAGH!
WHAT ZE WENT WRONG? WHAT ZE WENT WRONG?
SHOW YOU, WHEN WE DREDGE ZE RIVER!
YOU DID NOT MAKE ZE VERY GOOD COBBLERS ...LOOK! ZE HOLE IN EACH! ZAT IS WHERE ZE WATER CAME THROUGH!
ZE PLAN HAD ZE HOLE IN IT!
ZE TWO HOLES!

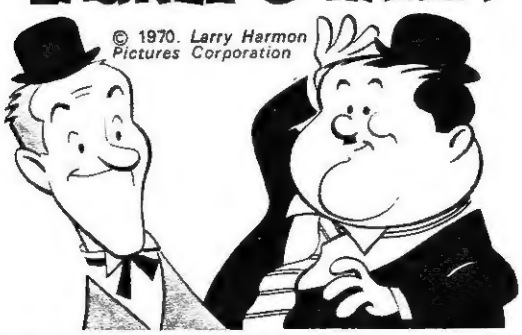
© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

It's a ' sweet ' racket next week for The Inspector.

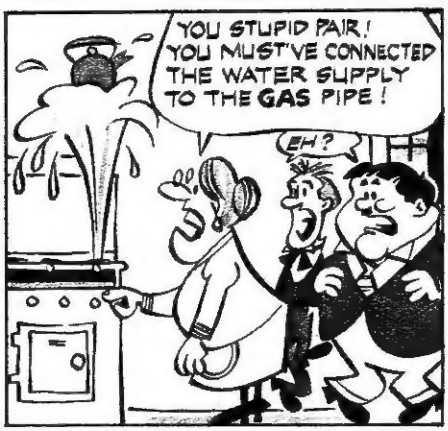
Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

© 1970. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation



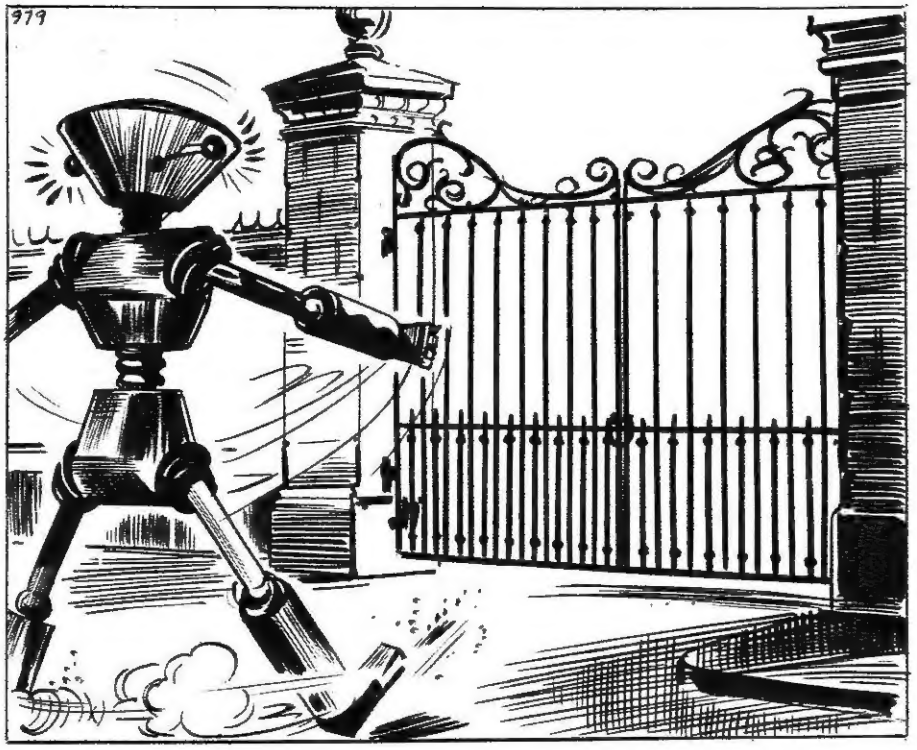
AN HOUR LATER...
THE JOB'S DONE! ALL THAT REMAINS NOW IS FOR OLLIE TO FINISH MOPPING UP!
I'M SO PLEASED! I'LL PUT THE KETTLE ON... YOU REALLY MUST HAVE A CUP OF TEA!



WE INVITE ALL OUR CUSTOMERS OVER TO TEA WHEN WE'VE TAMPERED WITH THEIR PLUMBING, SO THEY CAN SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO ADJUST TO A NEW WAY OF COOKING AND WASHING!
HO! HO! HO!
HE! HE!

DOCTOR WHO

ASKED to check over Professor Carl Readon's notes on a fantastic robot, Dr. Who cannot find a suspected fault. Then, next morning, when the professor tries out his wonder machine, it attacks him...



JANE FRANCIS, THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT, HELPS THE SCIENTIST TO HIS FEET.
WHAT WENT WRONG, PROFESSOR?
THERE MUST BE A FAULT! SEND FOR DR. WHO!

WHEN DR. WHO ARRIVES...
THE CONTROL UNIT IS USELESS... THE ROBOT SEEMS TO HAVE DEVELOPED A WILL OF ITS OWN!
WELL, YOU DID BUILD IT TO BE AS HUMAN AS POSSIBLE. YOU SAY IT LEFT HERE AN HOUR AGO?

YOUR ROBOT HAS BEEN SIGHTED, PROFESSOR... HEADING FOR THE VILLAGE OF WREXFORD. DON'T WORRY...WE'VE SET UP ROAD BLOCKS!
AT WREXFORD...
HERE IT COMES! FANCY ARRESTING A LUMP OF OLD IRON!
BE CAREFUL, FRED. THE REPORT SAID IT WAS DANGEROUS!
THE POLICEMEN TRY TO GRAB THE ROBOT...
OW!
AHH!
WE'RE NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES, BILL. RUN THAT MONSTER DOWN!
HOLD TIGHT, SERGEANT ...HERE WE GO!
NEXT SECOND....
CRASH!
LOOK, BILL, HE'S GONE MAD!
WE CAN'T STOP HIM! HE WILL SMASH THE VILLAGE TO PIECES!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
HE IS BEYOND OUR CONTROL NOW, INSPECTOR! WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR, I HAVE SENT FOR OUR TOP MARKSMAN. HE WILL SOON FINISH HIM!
OH, NO!

Will the robot be destroyed ? See next week.

POPEYE
FLAT SPIN
COO, POPEYE. I'D LOVE TO FLY!
I RATHER FANCY A TRIP MYSELF!
HEH! HEH! THERE'S ONE TRIP YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING!
TRIP!
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME WITH THAT DOWN AND OUT. FLY WITH ME AND WE'LL HAVE A HIGH TIME!
POOR UNCA POPEYE. ALWAYS THE FALL GUY!
LATER...
QUIT BEEFIN' WOMAN. YOU'RE HAVIN' A SWINGIN' TIME!
I ALWAYS SAID THAT GUY WUZ A LADY KILLER, BUT HE AIN'T WEARIN' OLIVE OUT SWINGIN' THAT PROP!
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE, OLIVE. FUST YOU GRABS THE PROP LIKE SO...
I'LL TEACH HIM TO MUSCLE IN. THIS STARTER BUTTON'LL FINISH HIM!
STARTER
HAW! HAW! HAW!
VROOM!
HERE YOU ARE, UNCA POPEYE.
AS I WAS SAVIN' BEFORE I WUZ RUDELY INTERRUPTED FUST YOU GRABS THE PROP SO...
THEN YOU LIFTS IT CLEAR OF THE CHOCKS SO!
HEEELP! PUT ME DOWN!
THEN YOU WAITS UNTIL YOU'VE GOT A GOOD TURN OF SPEED!
WHOOSH!
THEN WHEN IT'S READY YOU SEND IT FLYING!
WAIT A MINUTE. HE'S TAKEN OFF WITHOUT ME!
ERF! ERF! AIN'T THAT JEST LIKE HIM. NEVER MIND, OLIVE. I'M STILL AROUND!
HOW DARE HE FLY OFF LIKE THAT AND LEAVE ME? HE REALLY IS THE GIDDY LIMIT!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! ARF! ARF!
GIDDY

© 1970. King Features Syndicate Inc.

Ho, ho! A 'low-down' hoe-down next week.